Angel, I'll hold you down

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Angel, I'll hold you down

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Hugely popular porn star Nigel has it all: a new start in the US complete with success, fame, fortune and as much hooking up as he likes. But something still seems to be missing. Until he meets his newest co-star: Adam Raki.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Draw your blood, draw your breath
'Til you wake up and watch me
Draw your wings from your back
I'll not be shy
No, I'll not be gentle with you
Red light (oh, my faults)
Camera one, camera two (oh, my greed)
On your side, on the carpet (oh, your need)
Camera one, camera two
Angel, I'd hold you down
Forsake me here on the ground
All or nothing
All or nothing
-Caroline Polachek, "Crude Drawing of an Angel"

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Nigel had a bit of extra time on his hands, so he had a smoke out on the balcony of the rented vacation home they were filming in.

The porno company which Nigel had worked with for the better part of the last decade was called Sunset Dreams. He couldn't fucking imagine what got into his boss, a snobby motherfucker named Remy Gardner who used to be a porn superstar in his youth. It was far too wistful a name for what they did… were Sunset Smut, Gangbang Dreams and Dreamy Beach Twinks all taken?

Anyway, Remy was thriving, basking in the glow of a franchise which Nigel helped launch with his hugely popular Daddy Meet Twink series. And when Remy thrived, Nigel did, too. He sure never imagined, when he came to L.A. and abandoned a dangerous life of crime in Romania, that he'd soon be pulling Gosling-level paychecks for fucking gorgeous twinks all day and most nights. Was he in a parallel universe where everything strangely worked out and he wasn't constantly getting fucked over by God / destiny / what-the-fuck-ever?

Nigel had more money than God, matter of fact, and so he was really grateful to Remy – not to mention eager to keep his successful career – even take it higher. Therefore, he could be graceful if Remy felt the need to hover around the sets at times, micromanaging when Nigel knew what he was fucking doing.

He could listen to Remy bragging about "how it was done in my day" and claims of "you know, we invented that position in [insert incredibly cheesy fucking title from the '80's…Top Cum Part IV or some shit]." Remy liked to give Nigel (and all of the actors at Sunset Dreams) his amazing, free, sage, completely unneeded and unsolicited advice, and that was fine.

It was pretty rare that Nigel used his time tuning out from Remy's annoying monologues to picture methods of brutally killing his boss right there and then. The chainsaw was a favorite one to envision, but…Nigel was strong. He'd held on tight to fame and fortune, and now his life was more than stable. He was better than safe and far from the drug gangs and bullets back home; he was…a fucking superstar.

Nigel strolled outside languorously, recognizing the same old strange sigh as he let it out while flicking his lighter. *This* again. He didn't know what the fuck was wrong with him!

He lived in a mansion in fucking Paradise Cove Bluffs, the most exclusive and luxurious neighborhood in L.A.; he had two different motorcycles, an in-home movie theatre, three infinity pools, two hot tubs, all the high end liquor he could ever want, a personal chef, a state-of-the-art gym, a closet the size of a master bedroom full of black on black outfits, one room he'd filled completely up with trampolines just because he fucking could, and a very nice cat named Bob.

So, why was he so out of sorts lately? He lived, breathed and literally ate (haha) sex, and whenever he had time off, his choices were more fucking, throwing parties, hanging out alone and glorying in his fabulous house, or getting a front row seat at any concert he liked, and so on.

Everything in Nigel's life had gone from blood and madness to…sex, sunshine and utter perfection. But there was an emptiness inside him all the same.

And it was truly fucking unsettling. Eerie. As if there was a shadow following him around as he lived this surreal, decadent existence. It knew something he didn't; namely, what was missing from him that kept the emptiness aching. But the shadow disappeared if Nigel turned to look at it, and the thought of whatever was wrong…that was a subtle whisper he couldn't quite grasp.

Nigel puffed on his cigarette and leaned his muscular, golden arms on the railing of the balcony. He looked down at the villa courtyard, encircled by a luscious garden of purple blossoms, haloed in sunshine, and currently hosting a particularly hedonistic orgy.

Stunning, buck-naked men and women were fucking out in the open and changing partners every few minutes, moaning to the high heavens, and yet Nigel couldn't seem to summon much interest.

Even though he saw this sort of shit everyday, he still considered this boredom fucking strange, since he had a notoriously high sex drive and never thought he was going to get sick of fucking or watching other hot people fuck.

It wasn't that he didn't get a kick out of surveying the action, mentally critiquing the performances and ranking them in an attempt to distract himself from an unknown and never-satiated hunger inside him. It was always going to be fun doing what he did. But he also enjoyed his life in other areas; he loved his massive house and he actually had a couple of decent friends. Making the actual porn was mostly a good time (if his costars, directors or fucking Remy didn't ruin a particular filming process).

He had fun at the giant parties he threw, where at the end of the night, after hours of sweaty dancing, he could jump naked into his pool with as many hotties as he felt like fucking (he called this "the afterparty"). Yet even when he was having fun and loving life, Nigel knew with a nagging, tugging sensation on his heartstrings…he was *incomplete.*

Eh. Plenty of people in the world have it worse off than you, just stop wondering about shit you can't know and getting all existential about it.

Nigel's tanned, bulging arms stood out against his white ribbed tank top as he remained casually finishing his smoke on the balcony, trying not to Think About Life. He was positive that life would be better lived than thought about. All he had to do was follow his own very good advice.

He finished smoking and stepped inside briefly to dispose of the stub. Then he dipped back out, mainly to feel the sunshine on his face. It was lovely and caressing, like the soft ocean breeze. The setting was idyllic, even with all the grunting and double penetration down below.

Nigel was set to start filming in about forty minutes. He was excited and a bit concerned about this project at the same time.

The director was Bailey Holmes, who'd been Nigel's buddy for ages. When he and Bailey first met, Nigel made a crack about "Elementary, my dear Holmes!" as they shook hands. As Bailey threatened to twist his wrist and break his hand if he didn't shut the fuck up with that shit, Nigel knew they were going to get along famously.

The premise of the film was as familiar and almost cozy-feeling to him as working with Bailey. It was called A Twink's Penance, which originally made Nigel assume he'd be a priest again, but no – this was one of those "Tough, Dangerous Crime Boss Daddy Accepts Twink Ass to Pay Debt" type deals.

Nigel ran a hand absent-mindedly over his stubbled jaw. He was always happy to accept twink ass under any circumstances, of course, but his co-star today was still very green (this was apparently only the boy's fifth porno; Nigel couldn't tell you what number it was for him because he'd lost track a few years ago). Being faced with a stranger was always more challenging than dealing with the pros and-or cons of a co-star you'd worked with before; then, Nigel knew what to expect. He liked to plan ahead on everything from "choreography" to the occasional diva attitude and temper management issues of the Sunset Dreams "twinks."

Making this one was just a fucking dice toss of a freefall, and Nigel couldn't decide if he liked the unpredictability. Still, he assumed he was ready for anything, but then he glanced down again and got the surprise of a lifetime.

A stunning young man had walked in through the gate, which meant he'd been let in by security, and nobody who looked like *that* was here for anything but fucking.

Nigel's heart jumped and he felt actual butterflies in his stomach. Even with the slight distance of a story between them, he could see curly, soft brunette hair, a slender and smooth

body, a hesitant smile of confusion…and the nerdiest fucking outfit that ever set foot on a porn movie.

Fucking hell. Nigel guessed Bailey hadn't been fucking with him after all, when the director refused to describe the newbie and merely smiled, "trust me, you'll like him."

Five pornos? This adorable, tousle-haired angel didn't look like he'd ever been anywhere that wasn't a library, a bookstore or a museum. Nigel's gaze bore down on the newbie, watching as the poor kid paused beside the vigorous group fucking on the veranda, glancing from the moaning acrobatics to the turquoise gleam of the nearby pool. He looked so lost.

And…he was also wearing a striped polo shirt, tucked into khaki shorts (with an actual fucking belt), and nobody had apparently warned him that people didn't really wear a sweater tied round their shoulders around here. Nigel was glad; he never saw anyone that cute. Or with such long, pretty legs…

Newbie hadn't looked up to see Nigel staring like a starving man who'd just seen a massive buffet, quite yet. Instead, he approached the crew who were overseeing and assisting the orgy filming.

Wisely, Newbie addressed his doubtless adorable questions to the guy who got paid a few dollars an hour to spray the actors with water (to cool them down and maintain that glowing skin). The director might have had choice words for the kid if he interrupted the big boss right in the middle of the large-scale facial-spilling climax.

And Nigel didn't want to have to kick any asses around the workplace, but he knew instinctively he'd never let anyone bother that pretty little sweetheart who had wandered onto the set of an XXX movie as if he'd fallen from heaven above.

His heart started pounding when Water-Spray-Guy pointed up, indicating to Newbie that his co-star Nigel happened to be right there on the balcony.

The twink apparently thanked him politely before walking in Nigel's direction. When he got closer, Nigel saw that he was blushing and hesitant to meet his co-star's eyes.

He's too shy to call up to me. I think I'm in fucking love. Fucking Christ.

Was this what Nigel had unknowingly been waiting for? Hungering for?

"Hey, kiddo," he called down, leaning over the railing with his arms on display, showing off a little like a preening animal.

His silver hair flicked over one eye but he saw the twink clear as day when the young beauty turned from pink to red and awkwardly waved.

Nigel had been smirking invitingly; now, a sunny grin made his lips spread wide and showed off his fangs. "Hello, gorgeous. Need the grand tour and orientation before the hard work begins? Bailey told me you're still relatively new to the biz."

“Okay,” the boy nodded too quickly, clutching at a messenger bag strap that hung over one shoulder. “I mean, that sounds great, I appreciate it…”

Pretty white teeth sank into a luscious lower lip as the boy shuffled his feet nervously. Nigel didn’t know if he could wait thirty-five minutes or another second to have this heavenly creature, but he did know that he was going to have to find some way to restrain his… enthusiasm. He didn’t want to scare the kid...well, at least, not the *bad* kind of scared.

“Stay there, I’ll be right down,” Nigel said with a wink.

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Newbie had the most beautifully deep, shining blue eyes, like crystal waters. They drew Nigel in immediately, although his new co-star still couldn’t seem to make eye contact.

“You’re Nigel,” the angel said with a certain friendly anxiety. “I know because I was told you would be my leading man for this film. As such, I made sure to watch several of your highest rated movies so that I could get an idea of your style.”

That might explain the constant flush in the boy’s pale, soft cheeks.

“I’m impressed, darling, but you have an advantage on me then, since I’ve never seen you at all before this. You were worth the wait times a million, by the way.”

He could *not* fucking trust himself to think about this hot little number watching those raunchy movies, knowing he was getting fucked by Nigel the next day. So the older man tried to shove the notion aside for the time being.

“Oh.” Newbie bit his lip, staring at the sun-dappled cement of the veranda, apparently watching their shadows move.

The boy slowly absorbed Nigel’s compliment, that he was worth the wait.

“Thank you.” His lips wobbled cutely before forming a shy smile that rocked Nigel’s whole world to the core.

“Got a name, or should I simply refer to you as Gorgeous? Unless you prefer Sexy or Angel.”

“Sorry.” The gorgeous, sexy angel finally brought himself to look directly into Nigel’s eyes, as if to accentuate the sincerity of his words. But a second later, he started looking at Nigel’s right shoulder instead. “I’m a little nervous about today.”

He put his soft, alabaster hand out, and Nigel could see how it trembled.

Taking the precious hand and holding it between his own much larger one in a warm, soothing envelopment, Nigel had never felt so incredibly, unaccountably protective before. “Don’t be. I’ll do everything I can to help you feel comfortable. Please let me know if you’re ever not, and I’ll do what I can to fix it…”

“Adam,” The boy said with a wince, his knees practically knocking together. “I forgot to tell you my name again. It’s Adam Raki. I just go by my first name professionally, though.”

“Adam.” Nigel repeated it in a tone of reverence which was new to him. “It suits you perfectly, kitten. I know I’m not your Daddy in real life, but today at the beach house you can rely on me and trust me to guide you. Just as if I was your Daddy, okay?”

He released Adam’s hand reluctantly as the younger man answered.

“That’s very nice of you, Nigel. You are known throughout the company as the ideal co-star, and I can already see why.” Adam’s anxious face turned into a smiling one before starting to fret again.

“I certainly fucking hope I can be the perfect co-star for you, baby. Make you feel right at home, give you the time of your life today. Sound good?”

Adam nodded jerkily, his hands twisting together in front of him, as if wishing Nigel was still touching him. “I appreciate it. I’ll do the same for you, or at least, I’ll try. I’ll do my best.”

“You don’t have to do one fucking thing but *exist* to blow my mind, gorgeous. I mean that from the heart.” Nigel smiled warmly.

Nigel knew he was being too much, but it was hard enough not to grab Adam and kiss the living daylights out of him. Dedicating his whole body to ignoring its own insistent urges as his blood grew ever hotter was hard work. He couldn’t quite stop the over-the-top compliments and suggestions of love at first sight spilling liberally from his own nervous lips.

“You seem very sincere.” Adam was fighting harder to keep a grin off his face. “And everything you say puts me at ease.”

“That’s my job, I’m your Daddy, remember? Now, how about the grand tour of our little beach house, cutie?”

Adam fidgeted, blushed and stammered more each time Nigel called him by another pet name among the hundred or so that the older man thought fit him perfectly.

They were going to *fit* together perfectly, weren’t they? Nigel felt his cock hardening and smothered a low groan.

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“So, um, why do you all call this huge villa ‘the beach house’?” Adam asked, curiosity sparkling in his eyes as he walked inside and followed where Nigel led.

“I guess it’s sort of an inside joke. Every summer, Remy rents the place from a couple who spend three months in Europe. We’re just so used to being here always for June, July and August…”

“Ah, I see.” Adam laughed softly.

His sweater slipped off his shoulders as he admired some paintings on the hallway walls. They belonged to the couple who owned the villa, but were certainly hot enough for the other

purpose of the “beach house.”

These were all classic paintings from the Renaissance and Romantic eras, the sexy ones with plenty of naked angels, goddesses and hard-body warriors rolling around on clouds, or tangled in bedsheets.

Nigel scooped up Adam’s sweater and placed it over the nearby couch. He scrambled back to the boy’s side, taking a moment to ogle the elegant form of his shoulders and back, now revealed better. That *ass* was going to be his fucking undoing, though.

“This is an interesting art collection,” Adam observed thoughtfully, dragging Nigel’s attention somewhat out of the gutter. “The actual Greek mythologies that some of these are based on are much more violent and frightening than the painters imply. Everyone looks so… soft and content here.”

Adam’s thoughtful profile was soft and content, too.

Nigel swallowed hard. “Yeah, well, I’m sure they had equal parts fighting and fucking… sometimes both at the same time.”

He laughed and it sounded about as nervous as he actually was.

Adam turned towards Nigel. His gaze flickered over the older man in a manner which Nigel was gradually getting used to. Once it was familiar, being examined and perhaps admired by luminous sapphire eyes that wouldn’t meet his…the process felt like sinking into a warm bath.

“Do you like it rough, kitten?”

Nigel drew nearer to Adam and breathed in his fresh soap scent. He saw a tiny flair of adorably asymmetrical nostrils and knew Adam was taking in Nigel’s own typical scent of tobacco and spicy cologne.

“I do.” Adam turned pink again, staring at Nigel’s strong neck where his low-cut tank showed it off.

The boy’s curious gaze trailed down to the display of chest hair above the neckline and lingered for a while.

“Good,” Nigel said huskily, letting his warm breath tickle Adam’s face as he leaned in to murmur in his ear. “Because I want to give it to you really rough today.”

The longer that Nigel was this close to Adam, seeing his irresistible little body, listening to his innocent but intelligent voice, watching the adorable way he moved and reacted to whatever they were discussing, the closer he got to losing his fucking mind.

Sure, he was being damn saucy, but this was the *restrained Nigel*. He couldn’t dial down his lust any further.

Adam shivered. “The script calls for us to have rough sex, and even for you to discipline me a bit. So it’s convenient that we both enjoy fucking that way.”

Nigel couldn’t take how the boy said “fucking,” amidst a quite academic assessment of the situation. The sound of coarse language was…*wrong* in that sweet voice, and he loved it.

He groaned, half-surrendering to his desire, at least enough to helplessly verbalize it. “You are so fucking gorgeous, baby, *fuck*. I have to try to hold back from what I want to do to you, save it up. Only a little while before we start filming, and it seems an eternity.”

Nigel tugged gently on the hem of Adam’s polo shirt, watching as the light touch caused his co-star to slowly suck his own lower lip.

“It’s around thirty minutes, so it won’t be that bad. You make me feel strange, Nigel, and I don't know what to do with my body anymore, but…”

Adam hugged Nigel, holding the older man’s body against his own with a happy sigh. “I think I feel giddy.”

“Do you usually?” Nigel rested his cheek on top of Adam’s head and smelled his hair, aching for the boy. “When you’re about to shoot a hot scene, do you feel giddy?”

“No.” Adam drew back, looked up at his face and then kissed it, one simple and warm brush of his mouth against Nigel’s cheek.

Stepping back, Adam explained, “So far, I’ve felt nervous, but more like a job interview sort of feeling? And I feel aroused. But not like this. I don’t think it’s common in general, to get this euphoric.”

“I’ve done it all, sweetheart.” Nigel squeezed Adam’s shoulders. “And I can confirm that.”

Sighing, he looked Adam over. “Aww, it’s so hot out, baby, you’re all sweaty…”

He ran his fingers through Adam’s lightly damp curls and marveled at how good it felt. So right. And Adam leaned into his touch, luxuriating in the attention like a flower under the sun.

“Look at you. You really are a little kitten, huh? Like it when I pet you?”

Adam giggled, which got Nigel half-hard in a heartbeat. What would the boy sound like *moaning?* When Nigel *fucked* him, in twenty-eight minutes?

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck–

Adam confessed, “I do like it. It’s only twenty-eight minutes now.”

“I was just thinking the same exact thing.” Nigel laughed at their identical priorities. “Let me get you a cold drink, angel, you must be parched.”

He reminded himself to breathe and walk properly, step by step, going to the big, over-packed fridge to get a bottle of water for Adam. Nigel was never clumsy before, but he almost dropped the water bottle when he turned around to find Adam looking all around the room with amazement.

Adam's big blue eyes were so full of wonder and openness to new experiences. Nigel wondered if he'd ever look at this boy and not do a double-take of disbelief that a person this gorgeous truly existed.

Didn't everyone react to Adam this way…or was this particularly extreme response …just a Nigel thing?

His wild infatuations were rare, but when he got emotionally worked up…well, Nigel things might be good for *Nigel* (if he got what he wanted) but they were rarely good for anyone else. And neither was he.

Why the fuck else was Nigel staying in porn, if not to hide from his own desire for a relationship? He didn't think he'd put that together until this moment with Adam.

"Thanks, Nigel," said Adam with a dorky little smile that lit Nigel's world up. He gestured with the water bottle.

Such perfect manners, what makes you come apart, baby? Whatever it is, God knows I'll find out.

"Need anything else? We have a lot of snacks…" Nigel's sentence trailed off as Adam took a long sip of water and some of it trickled down his perfect jawline and chin.

Nigel stood with his back against the marble counter, across the room from Adam, watching those pretty lips wrap around the bottle. He needed…

He *needed.*

Adam smiled. "I'm all set for now, thanks. I always eat a meal before arriving on set for filming. It seems to help me keep my strength and stamina up."

"Just the two of us anyway, so you won't need too much stamina. We'll be heading to the office wing, it's just down the hall past those paintings. There's a front office and then mine, where the action's going down. Crew's in there now, setting up. If we were going just there, in the living room, well, then you'd need some extra energy!"

He laughed, thinking of only two things, really. Adam's name repeated on a loop again and again, as if it would never stop, while he didn't even mind it making him dizzy. And twenty-five minutes.

The boy gazed around the open-plan lower floor, looking at the living room with its enormous leather couches and large selection of puffy floor pillows.

"I'm guessing that the space over there with all those pillows is often used for orgies?" Adam inquired, making pleasant small talk that completely had Nigel on pins and needles.

And he began to feel this need for Adam as a pain, resonating from his heart so he could sense it everywhere, duetting with fragile, baffled joy. A cacophony of feelings too strong to contain.

“Right you are. They use it if it’s raining. Must have been pretty fucking weird for you to roll up and immediately walk into a raging group sex extravaganza, huh?”

“It was fairly unusual as an experience. I’ve seen lots of porn videos with orgies, of course, but while I have seen other actors filming as couples or threesomes, this was my first time seeing an orgy right up close. So, I tried to be respectful and not stare too much at anyone.”

Nigel laughed, “That’s okay, darling, they’re used to the staring.”

“I don’t know…I guess once I noticed that you were right there calling to me, I didn’t care about watching them, although it was quite the extravaganza.”

“Is that so?” Nigel raised his eyebrows, smirking. “Twenty-two. Almost time. Wanna come for a walk with me out back? Should be able to sneak in a smoke before I have to get into costume.”

“So I can get you out of it again,” Adam said, being cheeky right back. “And I don’t smoke, so I guess I’ll see you in the office then.”

“Hey, angel face, did you think that was a conditional invitation? I didn’t think you were a smoker. You’re too fucking sensible.”

“I also know far too much about medical science, while it is not one of my areas of expertise – um, those are astronomy and mechanical engineering – to take up smoking. You should quit, you know.”

“Fuck me, angel. God. I actually think that if you kept at that, you’d be able to make me give up smoking forever. But, for now, I just want one, okay? Please?”

He put his hands in prayer posture and pouted. Adam rolled his eyes. “Alright, I guess. But I’m not in charge of you. Even in the movie, you’re the one in charge.”

“I’m in charge, sure. But *you* have power, Adam, don’t you forget it.” With his amber eyes twinkling, Nigel nodded at Adam to follow. “Coming, gorgeous?”

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“I just wanted to talk some more,” Nigel explained once he’d taken a puff on his cigarette. “That’s why I asked if you’d like to come out here. I enjoy your company, not only because you’re prettier and sexier than anyone in those paintings back there. You feel *nice,* in some fucking deep way I can’t explain.”

“Maybe you don’t have to.” Adam stood beside Nigel at a close distance under the shade of a large palm tree. “I think I already know.”

Nigel shook his head, unable to believe he had to meet the perfect man on a fucking film. Dating co-stars was well-known to end in disaster in any work, including entertainment. He’d

seen plenty of couples burn out and ruin their careers from fighting on set or being too heartbroken to control their emotions. He didn't have to "keep it in his pants," but he wasn't supposed to ask the boy to go out for coffee, much less get in a relationship.

He thought briefly that perhaps if today went as well as he thoroughly expected – fucking fantastic – then Adam might be a repeat co-star. Yet somehow the idea didn't sit right because it was good, but not enough.

"What are you thinking about?" Adam asked, adding coyly, "Fifteen minutes, just so you know."

Nigel gave him a wicked, yet intrigued look. "I'm thinking about what I wanna do to you in fifteen minutes, primarily. But I'm also wondering, what made a smart, astronomy-mechanics genius wunderkind like yourself get into porn? Fuck, you could've been a model, too."

"I'd be terrible at that job," Adam laughed, flattered. "Walking down a runway in fancy outfits while people stare at me? Oh, never. And genius? How do you know I'm not just average at those things, or even below average?"

"I know because it's obvious." Nigel put his cigarette out using an accommodating rock nearby and tossed it in a small trash can they passed near a big, white tent that had been set up for a "wedding gangbang" later on.

"Maybe it was the way you talked about the art inside. But it's woven through the way you think and use words, I think." Nigel glanced at Adam with a nod of strange, undeniable certainty. "Your whole fucking aura just radiates intelligence, and fascination with what you love. I don't know how I know, angel, but I get the feeling you're an expert. Am I right?"

"Well." Adam walked beside him, hands tucked neatly in his pockets as if he was going in for tea, not to be fucked six ways to Sunday. "I *am* actually an expert…"

"I knew it!" Nigel declared merrily.

As they crossed the sunny lawn, he wrapped an arm around the soft, warm, smaller body he longed for so deeply that it scared him. And he nuzzled his face against Adam's forehead before placing a kiss there. "Humble little angel."

Adam elaborated while putting his arm around Nigel's waist and pressing his hand against his co-star almost possessively. "I mean that I'm highly knowledgeable, on a level generally considered expertise, when it comes to astronomy. Space is my real passion. But mechanical engineering is a second field where I might end up someday. Too soon to know."

"How old are you, anyway, my special twink?" They both laughed and Adam went all shy again, driving Nigel crazy as (maybe) only he could.

"I'm nineteen," Adam said, "Even for your series, ours is quite a large age gap. According to your Wikipedia page, you're fifty."

“Jesus, when you put it that way, I feel like buying tracksuits and golf clubs, then moving to Florida. I promise I’m not that geriatric in the sack, baby.” Nigel was only half-joking.

Adam’s frankness sometimes misled Nigel into assuming a negative meaning, when the boy was simply being flatly honest or reciting facts. Still, just having his age out there like that sort of fucking reminded him he was getting up there. And Adam was a fresh blossom dripping with dew. Could he really be attracted to–

“You’re being really silly,” Adam said with that same bluntness. Nigel guessed Adam couldn’t lie, even if he attempted to. Which he probably never would. “I didn’t have to take this particular job. I’m booked for months with back-to-back films, and I have my pick of projects. Oddly enough, the producers keep referring to me as their golden boy, or sometimes just ‘the money.’”

Nigel chortled. “They recognized that you’re gonna make them a fortune. And you are. Because you’re fucking exquisite. So just make sure they pay you what you deserve.”

“Of course,” Adam nodded. “I’m quite attentive on that matter. The main reason I joined the adult film industry was a lack of funds that had my whole life stalled.”

Nigel sat down on the big stone steps leading back up to the house. Adam followed suit, staying close. The older man bumped his shoulder playfully with another wink.

“Why’d you choose this project, then, superstar?”

“I knew who you were, though I hadn’t seen your work until last night. Truthfully, I used to watch mostly heterosexual porn, but I now find gay porn to be equally, if not even more erotic.” Adam smiled as Nigel ran a finger down his palm. “And I had seen your photos. People talk about you a lot at Sunset Dreams. Remy holds you in high esteem and gave a sterling recommendation. But to be honest…” Adam did an adorable face where he was squinting and wincing, as if holding back vital, yet shameful information.

“When are you ever anything else? Lay it on me, gorgeous.”

Adam leaned closer and said softly, “It was mostly because I’d seen your photos. I find you extremely attractive and arousing. I’ve been looking forward to today for the last few, just… hoping you’d be as interested in me.”

“Are you saying you already *knew* I had more gray than blonde in my hair now, and that I have these little creases here?” Nigel pointed at the small lines beside one eye.

“I like older men,” Adam revealed, pressing his thigh against Nigel’s and looking down at their contrasting fabric, preppy khaki to faded blue jeans. “With women, I’ve dated some that were around my own age, yet when I realized I was bisexual, immediately after I knew I wanted someone not just older, but a lot older. So Nigel, I’m not worried about your age, I really love it and how it affects our whole dynamic. Don’t you?”

“Fuck yes, angel.” Nigel’s cheeks were burning in hyper-awareness of Adam’s admiration and flattering descriptions. “I didn’t expect to hear that I’m your type.”

“You are exactly my type. Am I yours?” Adam looked at him, making that darting eye contact, letting his gaze linger just a bit more now that he had relaxed into Nigel’s company.

He tilted his head slightly to one side as Nigel regarded him worshipfully. Cupping Adam’s face, Nigel said, “Yes, yes, fucking yes to the infinity power, baby. You make me unhinged, wait and see.”

“Infinity power?” Adam repeated. “That means having no limits or boundaries in time, space, extent, or magnitude. It’s a…well, a really huge deal.”

Nigel tugged one of his chocolate curls, admiring how the shifting, late-afternoon sunshine painted his hair in fleeting auburn highlights.

“Yeah? I know. I don’t have any doubts that we are going to have the kind of time together that I will never forget. And together, I think we are going to exceed all of those boundaries, if only for a day.” Nigel’s smile turned slightly sad.

“Nigel? I know that everyone says it is a terrible idea for fellow porn actors within the same company to date. That break-ups take a toll and damage their careers, and there aren’t many happy ever after stories of married couples who are…people like us. So I know we can’t date. I’d want to, if it wasn’t notoriously likely to doom us both.”

Nigel could tell that Adam had put a great deal of thought into this as he explained his conclusion. His cutely nerdy way of putting things, like “doom us both” made the older man smitten and amused, even as his own melancholy prevailed.

“I feel absolutely the same fucking way about you, pretty baby. I’d never want to ruin your career when you’re riding a huge wave of success like you are…”

Adam ran his finger down Nigel’s denim-clad thigh, learning his textures and warmth. His steady nearness, sturdy and strong. Did Adam want that sort of thing? Was that why he liked older men? Nigel hoped so.

Among his few talents in life, he knew that being strong and dependable, and making sure this beautiful boy was always happy – well, he knew that he would have been good at it. If only they had met at a fucking shop or on the internet, instead of at work!

“And you’re a legend. I would hate to tarnish your image or mess up your life.” Adam had no idea how fine Nigel was with having his life messed up.

If it was Adam, Nigel would embrace the mess full-heartedly. In fact, the reason he held back from inviting Adam on a date was Adam. Not himself. Nigel would have thrown caution to the wind; Adam had changed him from cynical to romantic in a half hour and this was how he was now.

But Adam was in the first winning streak of what truly could be a massively profitable career. And he’d been talking earlier about being broke. Nigel would love nothing more than to take Adam home and be his sugar daddy. Insane? Sure, but true.

However, he might offend Adam by offering financial support in any context. There was an objectifying implication in there somewhere that might not be one of Adam's kinks. If they had one day together, Nigel didn't intend to spoil it with presumptuous, ill-timed proposals.

Talk about being stuck between a rock and a hard place. I've got nowhere to go and Adam is heading for the top. His life has only just begun to unfold…

They both sat in their conflicted thoughts and feelings for another minute or so, exchanging brief, affectionate glances but not knowing what to say. The deadlock was broken when Suzy, one of the production assistants, poked her head outside and said, "time to get started, boys! Well, past time, actually. But lucky for you, Bailey got stuck in traffic. He doesn't have to know you were outside gabbing instead of heading to wardrobe. C'mon!"

She summoned them with rapid motions of her hand, and Nigel laughed huskily.

"Shit, we'd been keeping track of time for a while, so carefully, and then we went and forgot time existed."

Infinity. Could that exist, for Adam and Nigel?

Suzy shook her head and tsked them, making her short red bob swing back and forth. "You are lucky I like you, Nigel."

"Thank you, Suzy, you're our hero," Nigel said with joking solemnity. "Seriously, though, you had my back and I'm grateful. I'm bringing pastries tomorrow."

"If I don't see a lemon danish in there – *two,* in fact, I'm telling Bailey everything." Suzy winked at Adam as they walked down the hall of the east wing.

Adam was again spellbound in fascination at the house's sheer immensity, and how every inch seemed to contain something interesting, a decor detail, an antique, a painting or chandelier. Nigel easily concluded that Adam had never been anywhere like this before, and it sounded like the kid came from poor, humble roots.

My baby! Let me take care of you…fuck, what, not that again, Nigel, come fucking on!

They walked past the place at the stop of the big spiral staircase, where one could look straight down at the elegant front hall. Adam continued walking, but Nigel knew he wanted to have a better look at the statues kept there.

We could have museum dates! Art museums, science museums, fucking Nigel, shut up…you can't have him…

Nigel knew it couldn't be a good sign that he was referring to himself by name while scolding…himself. Plus, his wrestling match between selfish love and selflessly putting Adam's welfare first was killing him, so yeah…it was fucking distracting.

When they reached the mock-up office suites, Adam let out a sigh of amazement. "Wow, this is incredible. It absolutely looks like the mysterious and slightly foreboding office space of a

gangster who is using the so-called business as a front. The stag head on the wall was a nice touch."

Nigel looked around the medium-sized room with a new sense of assessment. The light beige walls had recently had a paint touch-up, and the desk with its cup of pens and a few folders looked pretty legit.

"Like that, Angel?" he asked, as they waited for a junior assistant to bring over the costumes.

"I like that it's a fake stag's head, so I don't have to think of an animal dying for the sake of decoration. But aside from that, this," Adam pointed at the (indeed faux) severe-looking stag. "Is the only piece of specific decoration in the place. You also have few items, even in the supposed reception area, and in here. The boss should have more folders than that, and a filing cabinet, a bookcase, your laptop, notepads, an office phone…"

Adam ticked the items off his fingers, going off on a tangent as Nigel listened in total contentment, forgetting all of his worries.

"So, I think the place is set up this way to imply that your character, Mr. Harding, is focused on his life of crime, maintaining the front but neglecting to make it one hundred percent convincing."

The assistant came in with Nigel's pristine-looking suit, which he assumed had been dry-cleaned since the last time he'd rendered it the opposite of "pristine" on camera.

This one had been working great for the businessman flicks; like his priest uniform, his police officer garb and the firefighter attire, all of it had to be tailored to his unique proportions. His unusually broad shoulders suggested a thicker waist, but Nigel's was slender, despite his little bit of round belly in front. Anyway, he thought he looked fucking great in the suit, and wanted to show Adam.

Excitement was now officially winning out over stress about the future. His heart was blissfully pounding, his stomach swooning, his thoughts full of delicious ways to make Adam shatter to pieces and then start all over. But he still listened when Adam spoke, how could he not pay attention? Adam was everything.

"Well, angel, I'm pretty sure you put more thought into that than Remy or the other fuckers who threw this joint together. It's a fine job, but the whole bare-bones thing does make it look like an office in a porno. Lots of room to fuck, no distracting shit around to draw the viewer's gaze from us. Really, all of these sets are the same. We make it into a church sometimes. The stag gets replaced with a crucifix and they put a red curtain where the desk is now."

Adam nodded. "Aahhhhh…the rooms depend on the viewer's easy acceptance of setting based on the simplest symbols. Like, we see a red curtain and a crucifix and it makes us think, church. Desk, pretentious wall taxidermy, mobster's office."

"That's it, baby." Nigel smiled as if Adam hung the moon, because he was sure Adam had.

“Adam, babe, c’mere,” said Suzy, reappearing with her headphones and small microphone in place. She was in the middle of doing multiple other things, like several of the crew members.

When Adam approached, she gave him a firm look up and down. “Yup, this is good. See, Bailey noticed that you dress real nerdy anyway, so he suggested that you keep your own clothes on for the beginning. More authentic. Our ‘scared twink nerd’ outfits are atrocious anyway, trust me.”

“Scared twink nerd” took Adam a few moments to absorb before he smiled in amusement and thanked Suzy. Nigel was cracking up.

“Oh, my scared twink nerd,” he chuckled, pulling Adam into a hug. “Are you shaking in your sandals, cutie pie?”

Adam’s hands felt wonderful resting on Nigel’s back. The older man sighed against the curls brushing his nose and lips.

“I’m a *little* scared,” Adam admitted, honest as ever. He leaned back and whispered in Nigel’s ear, “Your cock is unusually large, long and thick. I’m both excited and looking forward to our encounter, and a bit anxious if I’ll take you well, or if it will hurt a lot…”

“You’ll never get hurt by me, unless it’s a good spanking or a harmless little nibble on that pretty neck,” Nigel promised. He rocked Adam back and forth for a few stolen moments as the crew behind the cameras continued setting up. “I meant it when I said I’ll take good care of you, Adam. Even after today, you can always come to me. If you need help, if anyone on one of these films treats you poorly or…God rest their souls, harasses you…”

“'God rest their souls' usually refers to someone’s death,” Adam said, confused.

“I know. Because if anyone ever makes you feel bad in any way, I will *end* them, baby. I know this business has its fucking sleazy side behind the scenes, even a higher quality one like Remy runs. If you run into trouble, don’t hesitate. Today? I’m going to treat you like the little prince you are. I also know that lots of fuckers around here and in the biz say ‘I’ll take care of you’ without meaning it or following through. But Adam, I never meant anything more.”

With his plastic-covered suit dangling from the arm not around Adam, Nigel clutched him closer. Adam let out a cute squeak at the sudden squeeze and giggled softly. “Nigel, you’re so strong.”

Which was a sentence guaranteed to help Nigel get fully fucking enormously hard.

“I know you mean it,” Adam continued, “About taking care of me. Some of the things you said sound a bit over the top, but I think I understand your sentiment. People have said they’d take good care of me on every single film, and none of them really did anything to help me; I helped myself and got through it, did well. Nobody ever said it while looking and sounding like you do, Nigel. I don't usually read people very well, but it's easier with you. So I think it's real.”

Nigel smiled almost tearfully down at the beautiful boy. “Yeah,” he said gruffly.

They were interrupted again as Suzy practically shoved Nigel to the back changing area, muttering in fond annoyance, “I know you want to fuck him, so stop talking already! Get dressed. We’re starting in five.”

Nigel laughed, drawing the curtain shut and quickly stripping off his jeans and tank top, putting on the sophisticated suit. He did it rapidly out of habit, which always made him feel like Superman in a phone booth. In the full-length mirror propped on one plain wall of the small changing room, Nigel took in his reflection, approving it.

The suit was a slightly shiny, dark grey material and patterned in thin pin stripes, and there was even a matching vest underneath. He wore a crisp white button-up and a maroon tie. If not for the tattoo on his neck, anyone would think he had just changed into a totally different bad motherfucker.

When he emerged, another small gaggle of junior assistants rushed forward with a bottle of hair gel and some foundation. “Bailey just arrived,” said Ash, one of the interns. He focused on making Nigel’s hair perfectly slicked back, the exact way that Nigel never fucking wore it in real life. And someone else was patting foundation on his face as Nigel answered.

“Okay, great. Thank you, guys, how do I look?”

Ash stopped concentrating on creating the right look and stepped back, observing the effect as his colleagues finished the make-up.

“Like a businessman gangster daddy who is definitely gonna fuck that twink and make him pay his penance,” Ash concluded cheerfully, and Nigel chuckled.

He straightened his tie a bit and nodded. “Perfect.”

***

“You could’ve *warned* me, at least,” Nigel whispered to Bailey soon after the director greeted him.

He stood beside the bald director who wore dark-rimmed glasses and always had a razor sharp focus on his work. Even when Nigel was calling him out for some foul behavior.

Lingering by the biggest camera right in front of the “office” area which was to be used so thoroughly today, Nigel demanded answers as to how Adam was let anywhere near him without him knowing he was about to get struck by fucking lightening. And his friend cackled so hard his glasses slid halfway down his nose.

Fixing his glasses, Bailey spoke with difficulty, between bursts of merry laughter at Nigel’s accusing look.

“I knew that would be your reaction. But c’mon, Nigel, how could I resist? By not letting you know the kid’s exactly your type, like he came right from your imagination or some shit, I

made sure you lost your mind at the sight of the beautiful nerd in his little argyle vest or whatever. I just wish I could've seen your face."

Nigel rolled his eyes. "You traitor. Am I a mere object for your entertainment?"

"Yes, actually. Now get your ass over there and be Mr. Harding. Andrew will be right in."

Nigel made a joking scowl at Bailey and insisted, "This isn't over."

Then, he went to get in his proper position, his heart now thundering uncontrollably as adrenaline poured hotly through his body. He had been walking around with one of "his" desk folders full of blank paper, because even among friends it was a bit fucking weird to chat while boasting a massive hard-on. Now, he tossed the folder on his desk and did his very best, scary-mad face.

"Fantastic, Nigel, we are good to go," Bailey called.

And the cameras began to roll.

***

Acting furious, Nigel paced his office and then sat down, drumming his fingers on the desk.

As per the script, he said "I can't fucking believe this! He's going to pay, that little brat!"

After this brilliant soliloquy was over, a knock came at the door. Nigel glared over at the source of the noise. "Who the *fuck* is it? I'm in no mood."

"Um, Mr. Harding?" said the sweetest voice in existence, meekly. "It's me, Andrew Oxford. I'm here about my–"

"Get in here, then," Nigel growled, and Adam entered with a frightened demeanor that was *So. Fucking. Hot.*

Shivering in "guilt" and "fear for his life," the gorgeous twink came into the room, wearing glasses with actually useless lenses that were cute as hell on him.

"Mr. Harding," Adam began, impressively taking on the role and making it his own. "I am here to apologize and beg for your mercy…"

Nigel almost forgot they were acting for a moment, that's how realistic Adam's performance was. And the thrill of being Mr. Harding, about to wreck this naughty, repentant brat, shot through Nigel's veins like electricity. He decided to go all-in on the stern routine, see how far they could take it.

Nigel tapped one finger on his desk and looked up at Adam expectantly. "Continue," he prompted.

"I know that the money I borrowed…for all that gambling…um, I lost it and I can't pay it back. I've been saving and saving, but you need to give me more time…please?" Adam

clasped his hands in front of him beseechingly.

Nigel scoffed and laughed darkly. “You have some nerve, you greedy little brat, coming right into my office after the shit you pulled! You knew damn well the money had to be back in my hands within the first month of your losing streak. Now you’ll pay me back with interest, or else.”

"Oh, *please*, sir..." Adam knelt down in front of Nigel, who turned in his chair to look down at him. “I’m really sorry. I’m not lying, Mr. Harding. Although I don’t have the money and I can’t get it, isn’t there any…favor I could do for you, or some errands, any unpaid work you need done, I will do it until you think I’ve paid you b–”

Nigel had leaned down and put a hand over Adam’s mouth, stopping his nervous babble.

“Intriguing. I do have one bit of work for you, Andrew. If you excel in this task, if you put your body and soul into it and make me happy, I’ll forgive the debt.”

“My…*body and soul?*” Adam’s luminous eyes drank in Nigel’s “cruel” smirk, and he placed both hands on the older man’s knees, tentatively. “What do you mean, sir?”

“So innocent…” Nigel murmured sensuously, circling Adam’s plush lips with his thumb. He pressed down on the boy’s lower lip, watching intently, fascinated. Wanting more.

Nigel slipped off Adam’s glasses and set them on the desk.

“Can’t you imagine what I want? Perhaps you’ve wanted it too, in your dirty dreams at night. Be honest, I’ve seen how you look at me.”

Adam shook his head, embarrassed. “But sir, I…I look at you like I’m afraid of you, because I am. Very afraid. You’re such a dangerous man. So big and powerful, I feel tiny and scared around you.”

“Precisely,” Nigel affirmed, stroking Adam’s curls with misleading tenderness. “How does that make you feel?”

Turning red, Adam batted his long, dark lashes and deliberated on whether to confess his lust. His hands were already squeezing Nigel’s knees suggestively, even as he bit his lip in perplexed hesitation.

“I don’t…”

With a rougher growl, Nigel pulled Adam’s hair hard and ordered, “Tell me the truth! Do you want to make me even angrier?”

Adam moaned at the sharp pain when Nigel’s powerful hand yanked his curls again. With his free hand, Nigel slapped one of Adam’s pretty cheeks, turning it redder. The audible sound of his hand colliding with Adam’s soft skin had Nigel leaking in his briefs, breathing harder.

This time, Adam moaned even louder, in a delightfully slutty manner that Nigel adored.

“Mr. Harding,” he whined, “It turns me on when you’re rough. When you’re mad at me… I’ve touched myself thinking about it.”

“Thought so, brat.” Satisfied, Nigel let go of his hair and leaned back. “So this shouldn’t be difficult, right? Make sure you blow my fucking mind, though, or the deal’s off.”

“Wait, you want us to fuck, that’s the deal?” Even Adam’s character was only pretending to be innocent on this one.

Nigel kept his serious expression, holding back laughter. The script was so cheesy, but Adam was fucking sexy as hell performing it.

“The deal is gonna be on the table for exactly another thirty seconds, boy.” Nigel snarled down at the kneeling twink. “If my cock’s not halfway down your throat by then, you can kiss your debt forgiveness goodbye.”

Adam nodded and gulped, “Y-yes, sir, I understand. I’ll do my best.”

“I fucking hope so. Get to work before I change my mind.” Nigel’s heart skipped a beat when Adam reached for his belt, slowly undoing it, keeping eye contact although (as Nigel had noticed) it was a challenge for him to do so.

Still, Adam focused and got through that part, mostly because the eyes he stared into were quickly becoming his favorites. He pretended to fumble with Nigel’s belt, earning another slap that made him whine, “Oh! I’m sorry.”

Finally, he undid Nigel’s pants, then slowly, but firmly pulled his cock out.

Nigel gasped at the feeling of Adam’s pretty hand on his dripping, engorged dick. No acting required today! Except pretending that he wasn’t falling apart for this stunning boy.

He closed his eyes and leaned his head back on his chair, looking smug as Adam “got to work.”

Adam licked at Nigel’s cock carefully, and just that was making Nigel feral with need for him. He tingled all over and his cock jerked in Adam’s ready grip.

“C’mon, get me wet and stroke me, show me what you’ve got. How much do you want me to forgive you?” Nigel kept his eyes closed, and Adam answered by solemnly leaning in and swallowing him down.

“Oh, yeah,” Nigel moaned, grabbing the arms of his chair as Adam’s expert sucking and stroking continued. “That’s good. Uh huh, right, deeper…*ahh!*”

Nigel gasped as Adam, who was still pretending to be “nervous and afraid” glanced up at him, his eyes traveling over the older man’s face as he gave the world’s actual fucking best handjob ever. Jesus Fucking *Christ,* how was he so good? Nigel was losing it already.

Adam spat on Nigel’s dick and made it wetter, then stroked again, keeping a tight grip and a firm rhythm. He leaned lower at the same time, delicately tracing Nigel’s balls with his

tongue before sucking each one softly.

“Do you like it, sir?” Adam asked, his voice hoarse from taking Nigel’s cock so deep and hard. “I’m really trying my very best to please you.”

“I can tell,” Nigel admitted, running a hand over his hair, finding his face hot and feeling sweaty all over, his body so fucking tense and needy, so damn *sensitive,* all for Adam…

“But I think you can work a lot harder than that,” Nigel said with an evil smile. “Stop that for now, open the drawer there and see what’s inside.”

Adam quivered, glancing at the throbbing cock again and licking his lips. In the drawer, he found a bottle of lube.

“Show me how you get yourself ready. I can tell you’re a good little cockslut, aren’t you, baby?” Nigel’s voice was gritty with genuine lust as behind the camera, Bailey and the crew were impressed with his realistic portrayal.

Adam took the bottle and slowly stood up. “Yes, sir. I am. And I’ve been dreaming about your big cock inside me since we met. You tasted so good in my mouth…I know you’ll feel even better when you’re fucking me.”

Nigel shrugged as if unaffected by this whorish little speech, which in reality had him throbbing even harder, precum dripping liberally as he stood from his chair.

He walked to Adam and got right in his face. “I suppose I have to accept that there will be some pleasure for you in this, don’t I? Disobedient, rule-breaking, naughty boy? Make me proud, now.”

Adam nodded and smiled shyly, then undressed as Nigel stood in front of the desk, watching and slowly stroking his cock.

When he was naked, Adam blushed again and opened the lube, getting one finger slick as Nigel clutched the desk to keep from pouncing on him. Watching Adam work himself open was going to be pure torture, but then the boy would be so nice and ready for Nigel’s cock… it was worth it.

And Adam, for all his bashfulness, knew how to put on quite a show.

The boy nibbled his lip and darted a glance at the wicked older man before licking a finger and playing with his nipple. Behind him, Adam was pressing the lubed finger inside his tight pink hole, moaning beautifully.

His body was heavenly, and Nigel’s thoughts were *beyond* sinful.

“*Mm, ohhh*,” Adam sighed, adding a second finger to pump in and out more deeply.

“Are you in a hurry?” Nigel asked mischievously. He let go of his aching cock now, saving himself for Adam. And he undid his tie, slipping it off before Adam’s eyes.

Soon, Nigel was doing a striptease of his own while watching Adam fuck himself more vigorously, the younger man staring at Nigel's nude form with louder gasps.

They were performing for each other, pleasing their lover with such delightful sights. Nigel loved the way that felt. And he loved getting a glimpse of Adam's long, delicate fingers sliding into his entrance, seeking his prostate with small, kitten mewls of need.

When he was naked, Nigel gave Adam a wildly demanding look and snapped, "Stop now. Go bend over my desk."

This was all far too much, and Nigel had never been so hard as when he saw Adam position himself for the taking. The boy's smooth, pale, slim form kept trembling as he closed his eyes with his face pressed to the desk's surface.

Nigel approached him like a tiger stalking his prey. "I won't pretend I haven't been thinking about this sweet ass…"

He got to Adam and immediately spanked his lover hard, earning a cry of bliss from Adam and a shock of arousal inside himself that made him dizzy.

"Yeah? I just fucking knew you were the kind of brat who likes it rough. Shameless, aren't you?"

Adam sighed, "Yes, I'm shameless, sir…want you to fuck me…"

"Hmm…" Nigel hummed, groping Adam's behind as if making sure he approved of it.

Then he knelt behind the boy of his dreams and parted those soft, pale cheeks, noticing the rough pink handprint he'd left. There would be lots more of those.

When Nigel saw Adam's perfect little hole, he leaned in quickly and licked it, needing to taste his boy and give pleasure. He wanted Adam melting in euphoria. To know that he did that to Adam and gave Adam exactly what his body needed…they both had a high drive, it was clear. And Nigel knew that meant that they didn't always end a round of fucking by feeling fully satisfied. He was going to give Adam everything he had.

"Oh, sir!" Adam exclaimed with helpless gasps. His hands moved pointlessly on the desk, nothing for him to hold onto. "I – I didn't expect you to do that…"

"Well, I couldn't help myself." Nigel buried his face again and flicked his tongue over Adam's hole, then pressed inside with quick, warm, wet thrusts.

"Oh my God," Adam whimpered, "You feel unbelievable, sir – don't stop – that's it, ahh–"

"I know," Nigel said, savoring Adam's taste on his lips as he stood.

Adam was shivering harder and sighing at the sudden loss of Nigel's mouth on him.

"You wanted to come," he observed, his voice silky as he palmed Adam's ass, then slowly circled the thick head of his cock against the boy's lubed and prepared entrance. "But I'm

calling the shots here, brat. You can come on my cock, and only on my cock. Get it?"

"I do!" Adam said too desperately, "Oh, please, please fuck me, make me come, sir, let me give you what you need."

"Okay," Nigel said, coldly, as if he was still teasing and condescending to the twink, reminding him they were doing this for the boy's penance. "Get ready to blow my mind, baby."

Nigel slowly pressed into Adam, holding his lover's exquisite hips and stroking him there. Gradually, as he groaned deeply at the velvet heat clenching so tight around his sensitive and needy cock, Nigel began moving in and out, getting Adam used to half his length before finally giving him more.

"I never had a cock this big inside me," Adam whispered frantically. "I don't know if I can take more, you're…splitting me in two. I feel you everywhere, sir, filling me up completely…"

He still automatically tried to hold onto something, his fingers clutching and violently crumpling papers on the desk.

"It shows," Nigel purred proudly. He gave Adam another spank and pushed in deeper, smacking his ass again. "That's it, you can take it, just like you did with your sweet little mouth. Nobody would think that you could fit my big cock all the way in, but you did it. Now you'll – ahh, fuck – take this, too."

He made sure to hit Adam's prostate right on when he bottomed out, elated when Adam gave a helpless cry of pure pleasure.

"Oh, *sir!*"

"Know what, baby?" Nigel sighed, shaking his head as he began sliding all the way in, then almost back out.

Fuck, Adam felt too good, he was so beautiful inside and out…being inside Adam was the best thing he'd ever felt.

This was happiness.

Nigel forgot there was a future as he watched his slick, flushed cock gliding smoothly in and out of Adam's tight little hole. Pleasure had been completely redefined for him, after all these years of hardcore sex on camera.

"I think I'm starting to like you a little bit," Nigel "admitted."

The next time he slid in to the hilt, he leaned over Adam, blanketing him with his hot, bigger body. His cock was buried so deep that Adam whined softly, whimpering, "I feel it in my stomach, sir. That's how big you are…I never felt anything like this before."

“Does that mean…you’re starting to like me, too?” Nigel teased, smiling as Adam nodded emphatically.

“I already liked you, sir,” Adam admitted. He bit his lip, his senses singing in sensitive, overwhelming ecstasy as Nigel stayed fully seated, treating him to shallow, short thrusts. “Especially when you’re mad.”

Nigel grinned and pressed his torso against Adam’s pretty, smooth back. Everything about the boy was so delicate and breathtaking. He couldn’t even believe this was happening, that Adam was his, right now.

And he was Adam’s.

As his chest hair rubbed against Adam’s back, Nigel began fucking him harder. With the new angle, Nigel had the boy bent over with his body holding Adam in place as his cock plunged in from above.

They lost themselves in the vast sea of their mutual passion, and distantly, Nigel thought it was lucky that the script contained the sort of direction he wanted in fucking Adam.

If he had to follow someone else’s game plan while ravishing his angel, Nigel was fucking thrilled that he got to have Adam against the wall behind the desk, his lover’s body lifted off the floor as Adam’s legs tightly encircled him. Adam tugged restlessly at Nigel’s hair and panted, “Kiss me, please.”

Ah. Nigel’s heart squeezed in love and desire. That’s my favorite line.

“Kiss me sir,” Adam asked, in a soft, broken voice as Nigel kept thrusting slowly, but deeply into his tight heat. “Want your mouth on mine…”

Nigel’s back was to the camera for a minute, so he had a chance to mouth to Adam, who was staring longingly at his lips, “Want you so much, Adam.”

Adam smiled deliriously and nodded, then Nigel kissed his soft lips, moaning as Adam licked his upper lip. He sucked Adam’s lip hard and then voraciously kissed him, plundering his mouth with his urgent tongue, their mouths crushing together with bruising intensity.

Nigel was enraptured, tasting Adam’s sweet lips like this and feeling his boy’s tongue as it glided hungry alongside his own…to be kissing him for the first time and fucking him this hard and deep was a shock of uncontrollable pleasure.

He carried Adam to the couch, kissing him all the way, and then set him down on the floor, taking a seat and raising his eyebrows expressively.

Adam was flushed and breathing hard, almost every exhale a gasp or moan. After enjoying the sight of Nigel, who was shiny with perspiration, his formerly neat hair mussed and falling into his eyes, Adam came closer to ride him.

Nigel kissed and bit at Adam’s neck as his lover settled into position, crying out at the feeling of Nigel filling him thickly. “Oh, sir!”

He draped his arms around Nigel's neck and began moving up and down. Then Adam whispered in his lover's ear, "Nigel, you feel so, so good! I love being with you."

"Baby," Nigel sighed, fighting back tears of dangerous adoration as pleasure continued to tear him apart. He wasn't supposed to be falling in love with the "brat" he was fucking, but secretly, Nigel was gone.

And he'd do anything for Adam, give him anything he needed. Even if it meant letting him go.

But not yet.

He watched as Adam threw his head back, his curls bouncing as his body moved faster, riding Nigel's cock with skillful abandon. Even Nigel could hardly believe the boy could take all of him so well; Adam was even trying to get Nigel deeper, anytime he could.

Overcome with barely hidden emotion, Nigel held Adam tightly and fucked up into him, harder, harder. They moaned together, moving as one, kissing each other breathless and tugging at each other's hair. Nigel licked a dark suck mark he'd left on Adam's neck, then realized, still lost in their fiery passion and Adam's breathy cries, he was supposed to have a line now.

"I'm gonna come, baby," he said with raunchy grit, his mouth still hot against Adam's long, pale neck. "You look so fucking good riding my cock…fuck…I'm…"

Adam moaned, moving down as Nigel gripped his ass and filled him again and again – each thrill of ecstasy only made them desperate for more.

"I want it," Adam encouraged, kissing Nigel, framing the older man's face in his hands with darling affection. "Please, give it to me sir, come in me."

"Fuck, yeah," Nigel grunted hedonistically, following the script as their bodies and lips told another story.

Even *now*, getting fucked outrageously hard on camera while putting his beautiful body into it with the energy and talent of a boy who knew how to take dick and – indeed – blow a lover's mind completely…

Even now, Adam was simply an angel of innocent, wide-eyed light. He was taking all of Nigel with more than tolerance or gratitude; all of Nigel's hard, needy sex and every bit of his love.

Nobody had ever wanted his love enough before, everyone gave up when he was too demanding or obsessed with them, wanting to be with them constantly. After a while, Nigel had started thinking he must be wired differently than every other person on the fucking earth, wondering why he had to be so cursed. Now, he knew he was blessed, his pleasure quickly mounting and then bursting into a white-hot, all-encompassing orgasm.

He knew Adam could handle him and that they would love taking care of each other, and in the blur of happiness and erotic bliss, he let himself think that was going to happen forevermore.

Mine. All mine.

As Adam kept riding him, Nigel's cum filled him warmly, and the older man felt the joy of claiming the boy that way.

"Oh, God, that feels good," Adam moaned, and climaxed as Nigel kept vigorously slamming up into him, grabbing his ass and pulling his silken curls. "Yes! Sir!"

Afterwards, they held each other, slowly making out, french kissing and caressing each other, in love with how they felt skin to skin and the aching intimacy of it all.

"And, cut," the director said when the post-orgasmic kissing had reached the extent that he needed to include in the film. "Holy shit, you two rocked it, that was out of this world!"

"*He's* out of this world," Nigel said with infinite fondness. He kissed Adam's cheek and squeezed his shoulder.

And Adam's eyes said he was wrapped in such emotion, he couldn't find words at all.

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Nigel went out to his car a half hour later, broken-hearted and on the verge of tears. He was angry with himself, for breaking down so easily when the whole time, he knew they had to go their separate ways.

If they made another film or two together, Nigel would count himself lucky. Otherwise, he had to get out of the way and let Adam enjoy his success, unhindered by…

With a cigarette between his lips, tears stinging his eyes, and car keys in hand, Nigel paused in the middle of the large, crushed stone parking lot. The hot day had become a slightly more merciful night, and he'd thrown on a fresh tank top before leaving.

Still, the nice evening breeze was doing nothing for him because he could only think of and want Adam. *His* Adam.

He should go back inside and get that boy, tell him everything, make Adam his for real. But they agreed to be friends, they said it would stay platonic, since that is what everyone said they "had" to do.

None of it made sense, not after being inside Adam and making love that he'd never forget.

"Nigel! Wait!"

Suddenly, Adam's voice shattered the silence, echoing as he ran across the lot at top speed. Nigel dropped the cigarette in surprise, and Adam slammed right into him, sending the car keys to the ground. Instantly, Nigel had him wrapped tightly in his strong arms, smelling the

fresh soap of a post-sex shower on his boy's skin, running his fingers through wet curls, and kissing Adam.

When they parted to breathe, Nigel asked, "What the hell are you doing, baby? I thought we said…"

Adam shook his head. "I don't care, Nigel. I just want to be with you. So, so much. I don't want to harm your career or make you quit, I don't want to ruin your life."

"You're saving it." Nigel pressed his forehead to Adam's. "I don't want to harm your career or make you quit either. I just want to come home to you and have you come home to me. I do have a cat, so you know. His name is Bob and he's quite nice. Promise he won't bother you."

"I can't wait to meet him," Adam enthused.

He kissed the corners of Adams lips and smiled, "I want to take you home right now, and the second I physically can, I want to take you in my fucking trampoline room and fuck you all over it."

Adam giggled, playing with Nigel's hair as they exchanged soft kisses. "A trampoline room?"

"Yeah, one day I figured - 'why the hell not'?"

They kissed and laughed together some more, and then Adam told him seriously, "This is fast. And notoriously ill-advised. We're both taking a huge risk. Our age gap would make a lot of other people say we'll never make it. But I say we can prove them all wrong."

"If we belong to each other, nobody's going to tear us apart, angel." Nigel kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his lips, his heart wildly racing. "I never was much of a rule-follower, to be honest. And I never wanted to set a rule on fire as much as I do now. Let's do it. Do you want to come home and be mine, Adam?"

Adam grinned. "Why the hell not?"

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

I've had a request for a sequel, which will definitely include sex in the trampoline room (😌) and Adam meeting Nigel's cat, Bob 🐈. Let me know if there's anything else you would like to see in this AU world. 🥰

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spacedogs playlist

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